

Title: Juo'nar's Entrance I

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The disruption of war has ravaged the once fertile lands of Britannia. Families have been torn asunder; brave warriors and mages martyred and lost. In the midst of this destruction, men and

women have put aside their daily lives to draw arms against Minax and her minions - in hopes of restoring order to the country they hold dear.

Our spotlight this week

focuses on Siggi Sigurthson, a young traveler of Britannia, who has found himself drawn into this battle for Trinsic, and for all of the realm.

“I grew up on a small farm outside Vesper, along with my mother, brothers and sisters. My father was a mysterious person in our lives, dropping in every now and again with a pouch full of

gold, trinkets for us kids, presents for mom and most importantly grand tales of the adventures that he had. I don't know when I decided to follow in his footsteps but I do know that it was at an

early age. When I was eleven I expressed my

interest in following in my father's footsteps. Many long arguments followed and my parents finally agreed only after I refused to eat for eight days. My training went quickly and soon I found myself in the town of Vesper with a shield on my arm, a sword at my hip and a small pouch of gold. After wandering the town for a while I was aching to put my sword arm to the test so into the wilderness I went. I soon learned that sparring with my father is much different from having to fend off, and eventually run from, an enraged harpy trying to have you as a light snack. It was many scary hours later when I returned to Vesper, hungry, tired and with a sack of loot that I could barely carry.

“It was then that I was drawn out of the little world of Siggi Sigurthson and into the greater world of Britannia. I was passing over a small bridge, heading toward the bank to deposit my loot when I beheld a fearsome creature locked in combat with a pair of warriors, with the city guard looking on, doing nothing about this horrific creature rampaging through town. Knowing that this creature, which I later found out it was a troll, was more than a match for me I decided that discretion was the better part of valor and ducked behind the bank and hid, watching the fight, fearing for my life. Little did I know that that would only be the first of many times that

I would decide hiding was my best option. Since then I have ducked many a troll out for my blood and even killed a few. It gradually seeped into my mind that something was not right, not just for me, but for everyone. At the time I did not know what it was. Rumors were spreading that towns across the land were seeing such attacks and many were paying a price to defeat them.

“A fair bit later, more experienced and traveling more widely I arrived in the town of Cove. This is a small peaceful town, or so I thought. I wandered into the healers and was discussing the price of various things with the vendor when the door opened quickly and slammed shut just as quickly. In ran two men dressed only in gray robes, their eyes wide with fear and breathless from running hard. Then the pounding began. A quick glance out the windows showed that the building was surrounded by nearly thirty headless. Fortunately they were too stupid to figure out how to work the door latch. As I was watching out the windows I saw a horseman gallop by followed closely by a number of gazers and one that was a particularly nasty shade of green. The fight for Cove was quick and dirty. A portal opened and soon a large group of warriors were clearing the town. I saw a group surround the green gazer, forcing it to recall out quickly. Again these strange events

were having an affect on my every day life. I became curious about what was going on and actively sought out information about what was happening. Everything that I heard led toward one place. Trinsic. I still have nightmares of the lurching dead that awaken me in a cold sweat.

“My first venture into Trinsic came about after a friend gave me a runestone for the doomed city. I recalled into the middle of a conflict. I remember that the conflict seemed one sided, the warriors of the city made quick work of the waves of undead that were sent against the city. There was a feeling of camaraderie amongst the defenders of the city and their confidence seemed high. I spent my waking hours over the next days as witness to the increased pressure put upon the city. I had heard of a mysterious and powerful figure that had been sighted, a lich lord of unparalleled strength and magical might. I had not seen him in my days in the city but he was everything I had heard about and more. It was the middle of the day and the undead hordes were coming on strong. The main gate had fallen and the defenders of the city had been pushed back to the first bridge on the main promenade. I was on the fringes, locked in combat with two others against a lich and a particularly strong skeletal warrior when I first saw him. Long strips of flesh hung

off him in green ribbons and fluttered in the wind as he strode toward our little combat. I am not sure if my companion saw the creature, or just felt that he would be able to withstand his attack, but either way he fell to Juo' nar as a flamestrike enveloped him. This was my call to flee. The provisioners provided a handy corner to duck around. From my hiding place I watched as Juo' nar proceeded to end my companions and move on. Eventually I regained control and helped some others kill off the lesser minions of the undead army.

“The very next day saw more carnage than I ever hope to see again. Rumors were flying that the City of Honor would be taken by an army of the dead that night. I was outside the gates peering through the log barrier, wondering how I would get in when I saw a very large number of warriors gathering at the main gate. I noticed my closest companion, a mage by the name of Nova, was forming up in the ranks. He was quite easy to see in the hideously colorful outfit that he wears all the time. The leadership seemed confident and the spirit of the warriors was very high. I was chatting with a person on the inside about how I could get in when it all fell apart.

To be continued...